A COUPLE OF THINGS I FORGOT:

DISTROS, STORES AND WHATNOT CAN ORDER BULK COPIES OF CZAR FOR FIFTY CENTS, PROVIDED THAT THEY ORDER AT LEAST TEN COPIES.
ANYONE KNOW WHERE I COULD GET IN TOUCH WITH JASON SPARKS? HE USED TO DO (STILL DOES?) A TOTALLY RAD COMICS ZINE CALLED IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN AT LEAST FIVE YEARS, SO IF ANYONE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT HOW I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM, LET ME KNOW.
ALSO, I WILL TRADE COPIES OF CZAR AS WELL AS INSIGHTS 7"S WITH ANYONE WHO HAS ANYTHING TO TRADE. SINGLE COPIES AS WELL AS BULK.
STILL NEED ADS, OF COURSE....
THANKS AGAIN FOR READING.....



Officer who responded to 911 charged in rape

MEDIA, Pa. — A police officer was charged Thursday with raping a woman twice, then returning to her house and raping her again after she called 911 for help. Christopher Scaggs, 27, was freed on $25,000 bail and placed on administrative leave. Scaggs responded to a call at a Glenolden, Pa., home early Monday, authorities said. There, prosecutors said, Scaggs raped the woman twice and then left. The woman later called 911, but hung up before speaking to anyone. Dispatchers traced the call and ordered a patrol car sent. Scaggs responded and allegedly raped the woman again, prosecutors said.

...ract? That would be fabulous ...n't be hard ...st ask.

IF MAY 22 IS YOUR BIRTHDAY:
You may not be much of a businessperson, but this year it will sure pay you to learn! You want to be outspoken in May and June, but you'll make a better deal if you keep important conversations confidential. Heed an older friend's confidential tip in July and save a bundle. Don't let your sweetheart or kids talk you out of your savings in October. Your relationship goes through changes in December. Back to basics is better. Keep your money safely stashed away in January so you can travel to a favorite place in February.

GEMINI

12 Citrus fruit | 56 Idle



Somewhere along the line, infamous Insights guitarist Trevor Never brought over a blow-up doll that he snagged from the joke/costume shop where he was working at the time. We named her Sheena and drew tattoos all over her plastic appendages. She fit perfectly in Gorky's old clothes, so we dressed her up and tied her to the wall. After that, whenever anyone would catch a glimpse of her out of the corner of their eye, they would be startled and jump. This happened to me many times.

For a while we also had a rule that whenever someone spilled a beer or knocked over an ashtray they would receive lashings with my studded belt. It was funny and novel, but once we realized that it did not actually decrease the number of spills that occurred, we gave it up.

On Valentine's Day, 1999, our friend John and this chick Megan were engaging in some particularly fun horseplay (the accounts of what actually happened vary. Like it matters anyway!) and a big hole was put in one of the walls. The only reason that I mention this is because when John came over to fix the wall, we made a killer time capsule to put in the hole. Included in said capsule were a pipe, a Nintendo game, some pages out of an old porno rag, flyers from various Goners shows, and a letter explaining some of the goings-on of the apartment. I'll probably never know if anyone will ever find it, but I hope that if they do, they can't trace it back to me somehow!

Later on, Trevor Never's girlfriend's brother's fiance moved into the downstairs apartment formerly occupied by Crazy Downstairs guy. Never's girlfriend's brother did not approve of her keeping company with lowlives such as ourselves, and his fiance was too square to put up with our shananagans. She called the cops one night for the noise. Gorky and I got underage drinking tickets, and Gorky's friend from Illinois was taken to the county. That was a drag. Me and my girlfriend at the time had to go and get Tyler out of jail. After a big two-hour runaround with various dickhead cops (as if there are any other kind, right!) trying to figure out which jail he was in, it turned out that they had let him out anyway, cuz it was too crowded or some shit.

Somewhere around this time, Never's girl's bro's girl (I wish I knew her fucking name cuz it would save space) complained to the building manager that we were too loud, and this, coupled with some other complaints about us from some residents (who Gorky and I yelled at from our balcony one day while incredibly fucked up) got us a fourteen day eviction notice. To be honest, I'm very surprised that it didn't come sooner. I remember the first party we had there, I said to Gorky, "There is just no way that we are going to live here til our lease runs out," and I was almost wrong. Yeah, we had a shitload of fun in The Apartment of Everything, and it was pretty sad when we left it. It looked pretty sad, too. the carpet had been brand new when we moved in. Now it like one big stain. Not to mention the walls and the refrigerator and the oven-it was a total shithole. Hey, at least we made our mark, right?

One November evening (it was a Saturday) Teri and I got into a whopping fight. I know you know the kind: it lasts like six hours and when it's over you feel all drained and overwhelmed. It seemed to me as though ending the relationship would be less trouble than actually solving our problems, and as the sun came up that Sunday morning and I finished my 600th beer, I decided that Teri and I should probably break up.

In what was perhaps a last ditch effort to save our relationship, I ran away to Richmond, Virginia, thinking that some time away from the situation may make us both feel better. In actuality it really only fucked things up more.

It had been three years since that painful day that I had to leave Richmond. I had one week's notice that I was going to be moving to Waukesha, Wisconsin to live with my mom, stepdad, and sister. At the time I had been in a relationship with a girl named Meesha, who I was very in love with. So I left. There was little (if any) closure between Meesha and I, but I was forced to get over the loss and move on with my life.

Three years later, on the Monday after the dreadful fight with Teri, Gorky and I were speeding across the country in Gorky's Lumina. The plan was to stay with my Dad in Richmond for two weeks, and then go on to Orlando for Thanksgiving with my Mom.

As you can probably imagine, once in Richmond, seeing Meesha again after all those years opened the door for a whole slew of resurfaced old feelings. After all, we had really never officially "broken up" even though we had only talked maybe four times during the first month that I was gone. And with my brains in such a vulnerable state, I slipped right back into where I had left off three fucking years ago.

I know you're thinking, "what an asshole! How could he do that to poor Teri--all she ever did was love him!" Yeah, I knew it was wrong and I knew I was being dumb, and even now, eight months later, I am still plagued with guilt over the whole ordeal, but the fact is that by going back to Richmond in such a state was, in essence, putting myself in a situation that I had little control over.

Let me say that I don't regret going to Richmond in the least. I love Richmond more than anywhere else, and would jump at any opportunity to return. It's just that I shouldn't have gone feeling like I did, and I probably should've gone with Teri so that I could share the city that I love with her.

Also, though this is none of anybody's business, Meesha and I didn't sleep together or anything like that while I was there, but we did hold hands and stuff, and basically acted like we had never broken up. I also said lots of things that I'm sure I shouldn't have.

"Watch me do the work/I realize what I've done/Distort you/Deny you/I let you go/I let you go/I LET YOU GO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!/ I LET YOU GO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"-The Metroschifter.

Wow. So it's been a long time since I last wrote, and that is because I had a goal to finish this zine by May 1st, and all that was left was to lay out a couple of pages and I put it off and off and off. Now I realize that if I am going to wait to get it out, I should at least be writing more shit in the meantime, ya know?

So, some shit is different now. Since I got the job at the cleaners I have saved over a thousand bucks, and my goals have changed.

My girlfriend Teri is going to move to Orlando in a couple of months. Most of the people that I know think that this is a stupid decision, but we're in love and I NEVER hear from any of them, so who cares? I gotta do things the way that I feel comfortable, so if they don't understand, fuck it.

I have learned the lesson that no one that you call your friend will ever let something like loyalty or embarrassment override their desire to better their immediate personal condition by fucking you over. This can be demonstrated in a number of different ways. I suppose the breaking of a promise or "sacred pact" is probably the most common, but there are infinite possibilities. Anyway, I guess if none of my old friends care if they lose my friendship, I can handle that.

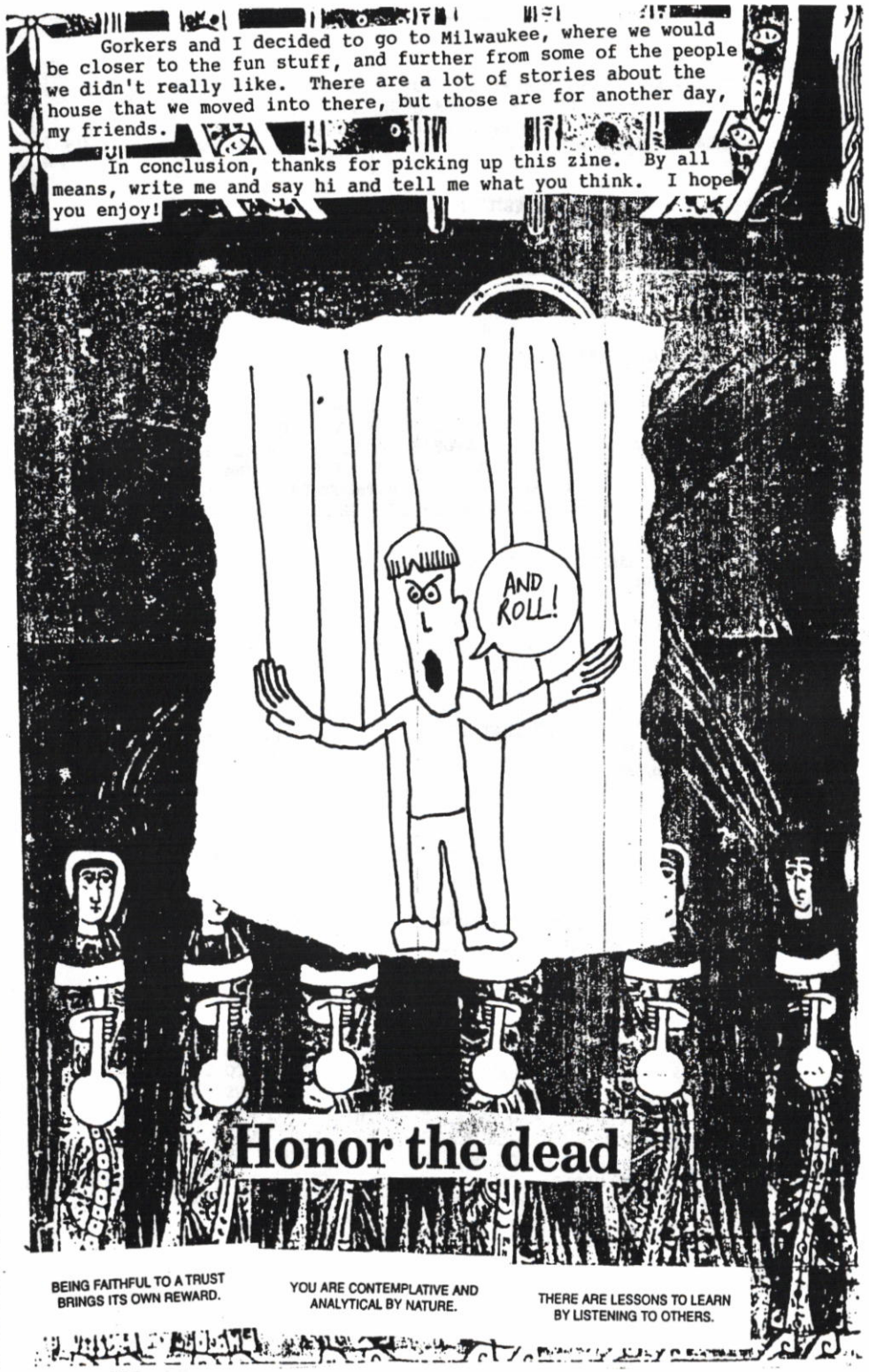
I hate to cut ties or burn bridges, but no one else gives a fuck anyway, so why bother? I just have to trust that somewhere there exists a circle of friends that doesn't talk shit about or otherwise fuck each other over. I know that is a stretch, but it COULD happen. If you know of a scene that doesn't have these undesirable qualities, please let me know and I'll be on the next fucking train!!!!

Don't let me sound too bitter-I'm really quite okay. I don't have to deny my feelings to anyone (esp. myself) anymore and I feel much better. There is now an end in sight, I have more money than I've ever had in my whole life--basically it's all good from here on out. As Tom Petty says, The Waiting is the Hardest Part. (Maybe you're not a Petty fan, but I sure am. The other day I was asking myself, "What happened to the good, ol' fashioned rock star?" Nowadays, it's all about either a metal or rap style. It seems the day of the rock n' roll band-the Stones, the Kinks, Fleetwood Mac, etc-had passed, and it's unfortunate. Of course I love metal and rap, and I don't mean to sound TOO old, but some variety would be nice.)

Maybe I should explain a little bit. Well, here it goes...

Gorkers and I decided to go to Milwaukee, where we would be closer to the fun stuff, and further from some of the people we didn't really like. There are a lot of stories about the house that we moved into there, but those are for another day, my friends.

In conclusion, thanks for picking up this zine. By all means, write me and say hi and tell me what you think. I hope you enjoy!



EVERYTHING I EVER NEEDED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL
OR SOME OTHER SUCH GARBAGE
BY THE JOSHER™ #32719

LUMPKIN, JOSHUA M. Class 12 WEST H.S. Student no 32719

ID 000032719 QUARTER 2/SEMESTER 1 REPORT CARD

SCH MOST OF WHAT I REALLY NEED TO KNOW ABOUT HOW TO LIVE, AND WHAT
WES TO DO, AND HOW TO BE I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL. WISDOM WAS NOT ROLLED
UP AS A COLLEGE DEGREE, BUT INSTEAD THERE IN THE CROWDED HALLS.

TO THE PARENT/GUARDIAN OF:
[illegible] QT2 current G.P.A. 1.381

THESE ARE THE THINGS I LEARNED: PROMPTLY IGNORE ANY FEELINGS OF INDIVIDUALITY THAT MAY SURFACE DURING THE FOUR YEARS THAT YOU ARE TO SPEND AS THE ADMINISTRATOR'S PROPERTY. REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE A STUDENT, A FIVE DIGIT NUMBER, NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OF THE ---- OTHER NUMBERS. DON'T TALK IN CLASS WITHOUT RAISING YOUR HAND. SUCK
Pd S UP TO WHOEVER YOU NEED TO IN ORDER TO "FURTHER YOUR EDUCATION."

01 ART HISTORY	MORAN, PAUL	C-	D	D	D+		
02 ENG DEBATE	BECK, CHRIS	D-	D-	B-	D		
03 GEOMETRY	GARIBALDI, B	C	F	C-	D	31	36
04 CHEM I	WRIGHT, STEV	F	F	F	F	55	

LEARN THAT LEARNING IS NOT AS IMPORTANT AS GETTING AN A+. DON'T MIX PILLS AND ALCOHOL. PRETEND YOU DIDN'T HEAR WHAT THE PREPPIE SNOB THAT SITS IN THE NEXT DESK JUST SAID ABOUT YOU. GO OUT DURING LUNCH AND SMOKE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE SO YOU CAN STILL HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO EAT BEFORE YOUR NEXT CLASS. LIVE YOUR SCHOOLWORK. MEMORIZE YOUR NOTES WORD FOR WORD SO THAT YOU CAN REGURGITATE UPON DEMAND ONTO THE TEST AND DRAW ON YOUR NOTES AND GOSSIP AND MASTER THE HALLWAY STRUT OF THE POPULAR.

04	23
5A	13
6A	14
08	33

Message:
FEBRUARY 1, 1998 IS THE FINAL DAY TO REQUEST
IN-DISTRICT TRANSFERS FOR THE 1998-99 SCHOOL YEAR.

SEMESTER 1 Enrolled 86.000 days Absent 19.375 days Attended 66.625 days

TAKE A NAP DURING STUDY HALL. WHEN YOU GO OUT INTO THE WORLD, WATCH FOR AIRBORNE BEER CANS COURTESY OF THE DRUNK REDNECK IN THE PARKING LOT WHO WANTS YOU DEAD BECAUSE HE THINKS YOU'RE GAY. BE AWARE OF YOUR ENEMIES. REMEMBER YOURSELF AS A YOUNG CHILD, INTIMIDATED BY HIGH SCHOOL KIDS BECAUSE THEY SEEMED TO BE SO MUCH BIGGER THAN YOU, AND OLDER. IT IS STILL LIKE THAT. THERE WILL ALWAYS BE PEOPLE THAT APPEAR THAT WAY. AND YOU WILL ALWAYS BE INTIMIDATED BY THEM. WE ARE ALL LIKE THAT.

(JOSHER WRITING AGAIN): SO THIS CHICK TRIES TO SELL US SOME "DRUGS." WE RESPECTFULLY DECLINE, AND SHE TELLS US THAT THERE IS A BAR ON DECATAUR STREET THAT WILL SERVE US IF SHE TELLS THE BARTENDER THAT WE'RE WITH HER. SO I LEAVE MY SEAT ON THE PAVEMENT AND WALK WITH HER TO THE BAR. ON THE WAY SHE TALKS ABOUT LOTS OF FUCKED UP SHIT. SHE WARNS US TO BE WEARY OF PIGGERS, BECAUSE THEY LIKE TO THROW KIDS IN JAIL FOR DUMB REASONS. SOME EXAMPLES: IF YOU ARE DRUNK AND THEY CAN'T PROVE IT WITH A BREATHALIZOR, THEY WILL BUST YOU FOR "LEANING WITH INTENT TO FALL."

THE GUTTER PUNKS WHO LIVE ON "THE ROCKS" ARE OFTEN NAILED FOR "IMPERSONATION OF A HUMAN BEING."

SHE ALSO TELLS US THAT WHEN PEOPLE SEE THE "VAMPIRE ANKH" THAT SHE WEARS, THEY SCOWL AT HER AND THAT BITING IS A CRIME IN NEW ORLEANS.

"AND WHATEVER YOU DO, IF YOU WALK DOWN THE STREET WITH A GIRL," SHE SAYS, "MAKE SURE SHE WALKS ON THE INSIDE. OTHERWISE PEOPLE WILL GET THE WRONG IDEA." I ASSUME SHE MEANS PEOPLE WILL THINK WE'RE GAY, BUT I, MYSELF, HAD THE WRONG IDEA. "PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE SELLING HER." OH, THAT CLEARS UP THE CONFUSION.

ABRUPTLY SHE STOPS. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" ERIC ASKS.

"IF THEY SEE ME OUT HERE AND I'M NOT TRYING TO SELL THESE DRUGS, THEY'LL BE MAD." I CAN'T HELP BUT CHUCKLE AT THE FOOLISHNESS OF THIS LAST STATEMENT.

"WE NEED BEER!"

"WELL, IF I TAKE YOU THERE WILL YOU BUY ME A DRINK?" SHE ASKS. GORKY LOOKS AT HER FUNNY. "C'MON!" SHE BEGS.

"FUCK, IF YOU GET US INTO THE BAR, I'LL BUY YOU A FUCKING DRINK!" I SAY.

WE TURN ONTO DECATAUR. THIS BITCH SEEMS TO KNOW EVERYONE. WE WALK PAST TWO OLD ASS HIPPIES IN A DOORWAY. IT SMELLS LIKE WEED. SHE SAYS, "THOSE ARE JUST A COUPLE OF OLD POTHEADS," I WAVE TO THEM AND SMILE. WE WALK ON. WE COME ACROSS TWO OTHER DUDES, BOTH JUST A BIT OLDER THAN US. WE SHAKE HANDS AND TELL THEM WE DROVE HERE FROM WISCONSIN. GORKY ASKS, "DO YOU LIVE IN NEW ORLEANS?"

THE YOUNGER OF THE TWO SAYS, "SOMETIMES."

THE CRACKWHORE LOOKS AROUND NERVOUSLY. "WE GOTTA GET TO THE BAR," SHE SAYS.

"WELCOME TO LOUSY-ANA," SAYS THE YOUNGER DUDE, WHO IS WEARING A JIMI HENDRIX T-SHIRT.

"STAY OUTTA JAIL," SAYS HIS FRIEND.

"THANKS FOR THE TIP," I SAY.

"I'M SERIOUS, MAN. THEY'LL FUCK YA."

WILL THE JOSHER™ AND GORKY STAY OUT OF JAIL??? WHAT OTHER KINDS OF CRAZY MOTHERFUCKERS WILL THEY MEET ON THEIR WAY BACK TO WISCONSIN??? YOU'LL HAVE TO READ CZAR #2 IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT!!!

SO WE'RE LOOKING FOR DECATAUR STREET WHEN WE RUN INTO THREE STREET KIDS (TWO GUYS AND A GIRL) WHO ARE BEGGING FOR CHANGE, SMOKES, AND BEER. I GIVE THEM A CIGARETTE AND ERIC ASKS THEM ABOUT SHOWS. THEY TELL US THERE IS A BIG BOARD WITH FLYERS ON IT ON DECATAUR, NEXT TO CHECKPOINT CHARLIES. THEY ASK IF WE HAD ANY CHANGE FOR "DRUGS" AND I SAY NO, BUT THAT WE WANT BEER. ONE OF THE DUDES SAYS, "GO GET AND EMPTY CUP FROM A BAR. WALK AROUND BOURBON STREET AND WHEN YOU SEE SOME DRUNK ASS YUPPIES WITH SOME BEER, HOLD OUT YOUR CUP AND SAY, 'SPARE A SPILL?' SOME DRUNKS WILL POUR YOU HALF THEIR BEER!" WE THANK THEM FOR THE TIP AND LEAVE.

FINALLY, WE FIND DECATAUR AND WALK ALL THE WAY TO THE END BEFORE WE REALIZE THAT WE HAVE BEEN WALKING THE WRONG WAY. SO WE TURN AROUND AND START WALKING BACK UP THE STREET. WE COME ACROSS AN INFORMATION BOOTH AND GO INSIDE TO LOOK AT THE TOURISM PAMPHLETS. WE LOOK AT BROCHURES FOR A WHILE AND THE DUDE THAT WORKS THERE GIVES GORKY A PAMPHLET FOR SOME VAMPIRE TOUR. "THIS IS REALLY COOL," HE SAYS, AND SITS BACK BEHIND THE DESK. SO WE'RE ALL LOOKING AT THE BROCHURE AND SHIT AND HE'S LIKE, "I CAN GET YOU TWO BUCKS OFF THE VAMPIRE TOUR!" AND HE TRIES TO GET US TO SIGN UP FOR IT. "NO, THAT'S OKAY," WE TELL HIM. THEN DUDE LOOKS AT GORKY AND SAYS, "ARE YOU BLAZIN', MAN?" "WHA?" GORKY WAS SHOCKED, AS WAS I. "BLAZIN', MAN. TRIPPIN'." (YOU KNOW LIKE ON ACID.) THE ONLY REASON THIS IS REALLY NOTEWORTHY IS BECAUSE THE DUDE WAS ALL FUCKING PROFESSIONAL LOOKING AND SHIT. IT CAUGHT US OFF GUARD. AND NO, GORKY WAS NOT "BLAZIN'"

SO WE HIT DECATAUR AGAIN. FINALLY WE STUMBLE ACROSS THE FLYER BOARD: NOT ONE FUCKING FLYER ON IT. THEN WE SEE CHECKPOINT CHARLIES, WHICH, TO OUR DISMAY, IS 21+. FUCK, WE THINK, AND DECIDE TO GO BACK TO BOURBON STREET TO BEG FOR BEER. ERIC GETS A CUP AND WE SIT ON THE CORNER. MANY PEOPLE PASS, THOUGH UNFORTUNATELY NONE OF THEM ARE KIND ENOUGH TO "SPARE A SPILL." ALL OF THE SUDDEN WE HEAR, "HEY!" AND TURN TO FIND THE FIRST GUY WE MET, THE BLACK DUDE, CRACKING A SAINT IDES. GORKY HOLDS OUT HIS CUP AND THE DUDE POURS HIM SOME. HE ASKS US FOR BUS FARE, WHICH WE DON'T HAVE, AND HE LEAVES, SAYING HE'S GOT TO FIND SOME. A WHILE LATER WE STAND UP AND START WALKING. WE RUN INTO THE DUDE AGAIN AND HE GIVES ME THE REST OF THE ST IDES. THEN I GET TRICKED INTO PAYING FOR A SHOE SHINE BY I VERY TRICKY STREET GUY, BUT WE WALK ON. WE SIT DOWN ON ANOTHER CORNER NEXT TO A BAR CALLED OZ, WHICH I SOON DISCOVER TO BE A GAY BAR. WE DECIDE TO USE THIS TO OUR ADVANTAGE, MAKING EYES A GAY BOYS, HOPING THEY'LL BUY US BEERS. NOPE. BEFORE TOO LONG, A BIG GAY BOUNCER COMES OUT AND TELLS US TO STOP LOITERING AGAINST THE BUILDING.

(GORKY WRITING NOW.) SO WE CROSS THE STREET AND LOITER OVER THERE, THINKING OF A WAY TO GET BEER. THEN A VERY DRUNK BLACK DUDE CARRYING TWO VERY LARGE BEERS SITS ON A TRASH RECEPTACLE IN FRONT OF US. I ASK HIM HOW MUCH HE PAID FOR THE BREW (HE SAYS $2) AND ASK IF HE'LL BUY ME ONE. HE GIVES ME HIS OTHER BEER INSTEAD AND I GIVE HIM THE 2 BUCKS. RIGHT THEN I TURN TO SEE THE JOSHER TALKING TO SOME CHICK. WE BASICALLY TELL HER WE'RE LOOKING FOR BEER, TO WHICH SHE REPLIES, "BEER? THEN WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING ON BOURBON STREET???" SAY I: "WE'RE FROM WISCONSIN."

1/30/98 FY 98 SCHOOL DISTRICT OF WAUKESHA 14:08:30 WHD1211S1
SMS Student Schedule Ref: SCH.581X.01
32719 JOSHUA M. LUMPKIN MALE Age: 17

HOUSEPLANTS AND PETS AND FRIENDS AND SIBLINGS AND EVEN PARENTS ALL DIE. SO WILL YOU. IT'S THE ONLY THING YOU CAN COUNT ON IN LIFE.
AND REMEMBER THE BOOK ABOUT THE RULES OF THE SCHOOL AND THE CONSEQUENCES FOR NOT FOLLOWING THEM AND THE WORD YOU WILL HEAR FAR TOO OFTEN: OBEY. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW TO FUNCTION IS IN HIGH SCHOOL--BUT NOT IN THE CLASSROOM OR IN THE LIBRARY OR IN THE AUDITORIUM. NO, THE IMPORTANT THINGS AREN'T TAUGHT, THEY ARE LEARNED THROUGH TRIAL AND ERROR IN THE HALLWAYS, AND IN THE CAFETERIA, PLACES WHERE SOCIALIZING IS ALLOWED. BECAUSE THAT'S REALLY WHY WE'RE HERE- - NOT TO LEARN CHEMISTRY OR ALGEBRA, BUT INSTEAD TO LEARN HOW TO INTERACT WITH OTHER PEOPLE.

04	CHEM I	WRIGHT, STEVE	E105	AB	SEM1	1320-1	11
5A	ENG AMLIT II	FREEBURG, ANDY	F016	AB	SEM1	5038	1
5B	ENG CON LIT	STEIN, DUANE	F031	AB	SEM2	5042	3

THINK OF WHAT A BETTER WORLD IT WOULD BE IF WE ALL HAD IN-SCHOOL SUSPENSION EVERYDAY, WHERE WE CAN READ ALL DAY, AND DOODLE ON THE PAPERBOARD BACKS OF SPIRIALBOUND NOTEBOOKS, AND WRITE HAIKU ABOUT THE MEANING OF LIFE. YES, FOR MOST HIGH SCHOOLERS THE MEANING OF LIFE CAN BE SUMMED UP IN SEVENTEEN SYLLABLES. OR IF WE HAD A BASIC POLICY IN OUR NATION THAT IF YOU ARE SEEN WALKING THE STREETS DURING THE TIME WHEN MOST PEOPLE ARE AT WORK, YOU ARE TO GET UP EXTRA EARLY ON A SATURDAY MORNING AND SIT IN A CLASSROOM FOR TWO HOURS. AND IT IS STILL TRUE, NO MATTER HOW OLD YOU ARE, WHEN YOU GO OUT INTO THE WORLD, IT IS ALWAYS BEST TO WHINE YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS.

S1
X.01

Student No.: 32719 JOSHUA M. LUMPKIN MALE Age: 17
Dis: WAU Sch: 454 WEST H.S. Class: 12 Year: 98 Phone:

THIS IS A GRADUATION SPEECH I WROTE FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS IN HIGH SCHOOL. IT WAS FUN TO READ TO MY CLASS, MOST OF THEM PREPPIE SNOBS!

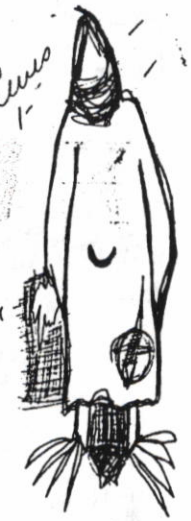
09		ANDY	F033	AB	SEM1	1032	25



The Revolution Rages on...

F3=Exit F12=Cancel

08-02 SA M YOUR TROUBLES WILL CEASE AND FORTUNE SMILE UPON YOU. II S1 S1(



FROM the VAULT

In this part of the zine, I will put some shit that I wrote a long time ago. This particular thing is from when I was seventeen and is about the grocery store where I used to work.

PICK 'N SAVE

March 9, 1998

I've worked at a grocery store for the last year or so. During this time, I've dated two of my co-workers, gotten suspended once, called in sick four times, and also learned a lot about people along the way.

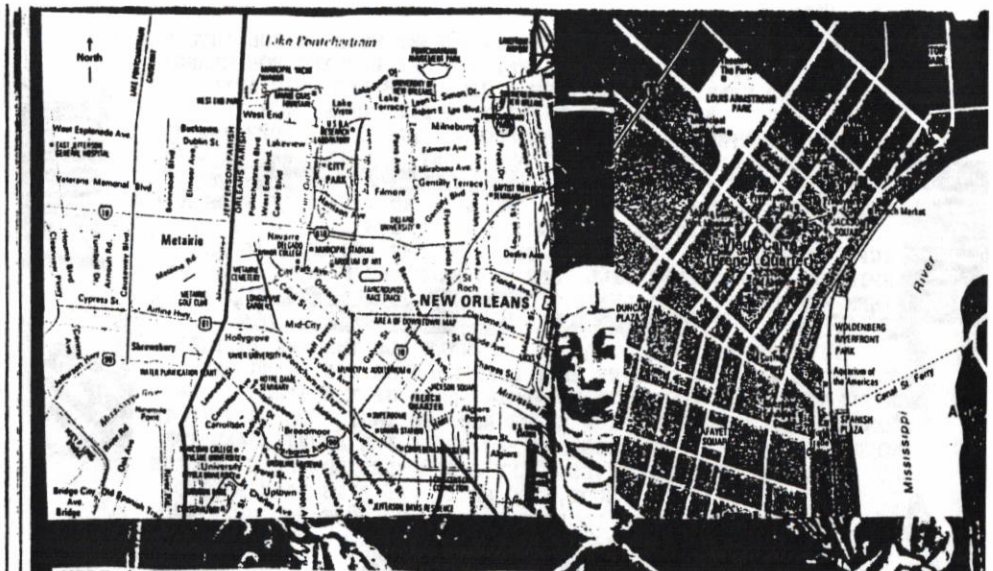
One funny experience was when I had only been working at PNS for a few weeks. It was about seven o'clock on a Saturday night. It was pretty slow and I was standing at my register waiting for a customer. A man came through my line wearing a sombrero. He looked like he was probably in his mid to late thirties. He had one solitary item, which he placed on the end of the belt. I pushed the button and the we both watched the small box go from one end of the belt to the other. This was incredibly unneccesary because there had been no one in line, and he could've just walked up and given it to me. I found the fact that the man was wearing a sombrero understandably odd. That is, until I saw what the item was: eye drops.

"Yup, the old Clear Eyes," he said. The man smelled like a burning weed field. I laughed at this and proceeded to scan the small box. I gave it to him and took his money. "Hey, it's okay," he said, "today is my birthday. I'm allowed to get a little crazy once a year, right?"

I nodded. "Happy birthday, dude," I said, giving him his change.

The only thing that I really hate about my job is that most customers flat out refuse to loosen up. I try to make conversation and joke with the people who come through my line, just because I know that they don't want to be grocery shopping anymore than I want to be grocery scanning, and maybe if we joke around a bit, it will make things a little less unbearable. Some people are really cool though, and joke back and stuff.

The funniest thing in the world, though, are the dudes who come in buying condoms. I've noticed a trend: guys usually buy frozen pizzas and flowers when they buy condoms. Also I'd say that probably something like four out of five times, the dudes will put the pizza on top of the box of condoms. Who the fuck do they think they're fooling? One time this frat boy guy came through my line buying only condoms. He paid for them and his change was 69 cents. As I gave it to him, I said, "Life is full of cheesy symbolism,". He didn't laugh or anything. He must not have gotten it.



MILE 1,076 1:58 PM: WE ENTER NEW ORLEANS, OUR DESTINATION.

3/6/99 3:?? PM: WE'VE BEEN IN NEW ORLEANS FOR A WHOLE DAY NOW, AND IT'S EVERYTHING I COULD'VE HOPED. WE DECIDED TO GO TO THE BEACH IN MISSISSIPPI, WHICH IS WHERE WE ARE NOW. IT'S A NICE CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT FROM WAUKESHA, THAT'S FOR SURE. I THINK IT MAY EVEN BE SNOWING THERE RIGHT NOW.

ONCE WE GET TO NEW ORLEANS, WE PARK THE CAR IN A LOT AND WALK DOWNTOWN. IMMEDIATELY WE ARE HIT UP FOR MONEY, SMOKES, ETC. WE COME ACROSS THIS BLACK DUDE (WE NEVER CAUGHT HIS NAME) WHO OFFERS US WEED, WE RESPECTFULLY DECLINE, BUT ASK HIM IF HE COULD GET US SOME BEER. HE TAKES US INTO A BAR AND ASKS FOR THREE BEERS. THE BARTENDER ASKS TO SEE ALL OF OUR I.D.S, SO WE MOVE ON TO ANOTHER BAR. THIS TIME WE WAIT OUTSIDE. AS SOON AS HE GOES INSIDE THE BAR, THIS FLAMING HOMOSEXUAL PASSES US. HE LOOKS US BOTH UP AND DOWN AND SAYS "HI!" THEN HE GOES INTO THE BAR. GORKY AND I CHUCKLE. THE BEER GUY COMES BACK OUT OF THE BAR AND TELLS US HE NEEDS FOUR MORE DOLLARS. WE ARE TOTALLY LIKE, "FUCK THAT!" BECAUSE WE'VE ALREADY GIVEN HIM FIVE. THEN THE GAY DUDE COMES BACK OUT OF THE BAR. HE COMPLEMENTS MY HAIR, FEELING FREE TO TWIST A STRAND BETWEEN HIS FINGERS. HE LEAVES ABRUPTLY, SAYING HE HAS TO RETURN A PAGE. SO WE WALK A BIT FURTHER DOWN THE STREET. WE GO INTO THIS BOMB ASS VOODOO STORE AND I BUY A CHICKEN FOOT NECKLACE FOR TERI. WE ALSO GO TO A USED RECORD STORE AND CHECK OUT SOME KILLER (AND EXPENSIVE!) RECORDS. GORKY GETS A RECORD AND WE LEAVE. FOR A COUPLE HOURS WE JUST WALK AROUND TOWN, FAMILIARIZING OURSELVES WITH IT AND OCCASIONALLY TAKING TRIPS BACK TO THE CAR TO TORQUE MAD BOWLS. IT STARTS GETTING DARK AND WE GO INTO ANOTHER VOODOO SHOP AND I ASK THE DUDE AT THE COUNTER, A BEARDED YOUNG GUY, IF HE KNOWS OF A PUNK ROCK SHOWS. WE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT CHECKPOINT CHARLIES ON DECATAUR STREET.

I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH ILLINOIS THERE IS AFTER CHICAGO. WE HAVE BEEN KEEPING A STEADY HERB X REGIMENT TO KEEP OUR MINDS FROM DESTROYING THEMSELVES, DUE TO THAT LACK OF ANYTHING INTERESTING TO LOOK AT. I HOPE IT GETS BETTER SOON.

8:52 AM-ALMOST OUT OF ILLINOIS (FINALLY)-MILE 447: WE STOP AT A SCENIC OVERLOOK, WHICH ISN'T PARTICULARLY SCENIC. AS WE DRIVE DOWNHILL WE FINALLY SEE SOME CHANGE OF LANDSCAPE: ROCKS. HUGE WALLS OF ORANGE STONE LINE BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD. THEY'RE BASICALLY HUGE STACKS OF ROCK SLABS. IN SOME PLACES A BIT OF EARTH WILL BE EXPOSED AND A SMALL TREE WILL SPROUT OUT. IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE BUT COOL LOOKING AND NOTEWORTHY NONETHELESS.

9:20 AM MILE 479: WE CROSS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, ENTERING MISSOURI.

10:42 AM MILE 564 COOTER, MISSOURI: WE GO TO A REST STOP AND CHAT WITH SOME COLLEGE KIDS ON A MISSION TRIP TO TEXAS. THEY DON'T REALLY HAVE A WHOLE LOT TO SAY, BUT ARE VERY PLEASANT.

10:45 AM MILE 567: ENTER ARKANSAS, "HOME OF PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON," READS THE GREETING SIGN.

11:47 AM MILE 638: WE CROSS THE MISSISSIPPI A SECOND TIME, FINALLY ENTERING MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

4:40 P.M. MILE 669 (GORKY WRITING NOW.): NOT MUCH TO DO OR SEE IN MEMPHIS AFTER ALL. WENT DOWN BY THE RIVER (LITTERED WITH EMPTY 40 OUNCE BOTTLES, AND, TO OUR SURPRISE, A SHOE.), SAW A FUCKIN' 40 FOOT TALL ELVIS AND B.B. KING. WE DID FIND ONE COOL RECORD STORE "LAST CHANCE RECORDS", BOUGHT SOME SHIT. WE ALSO ACQUIRED CAMERA BATTERY, AND, MOTIVATED BY SALESMAN, WE MIGHT JUST TRY TO MAKE IT ALL THE WAY TO NEW ORLEANS TODAY...

5:13 P.M. MILE 684: CROSSED STATE LINE INTO MISSISSIPPI (THE STATE, NOT THE RIVER, SILLY). THE GUY IN FRONT OF US DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE.

6:54 P.M. MILE 800 DEEP MISSISSIPPI: STOPPED TO PISS. BOWL=SMOKED.

MILE ??? 9:?? P.M. BROOKHAVEN, MS (JOSHER AGAIN): I'M VERY TIRED. I'VE BEEN AWAKE SINCE 7:30 P.M. YESTERDAY. WE DIDN'T MAKE IT TO NEW ORLEANS TONIGHT. WE DECIDED IT WOULD BE BETTER TO COME IN DURING DAYLIGHT, SO WE COLD SEE THE SIGHTS. IT TOOK FOREVER TO FIND A MOTEL THAT WAS CHEAP ENOUGH. FINALLY WE FOUND "THE SPANISH MOTEL", TOTALLY SLEAZOID. WELL NOW IT'S TIME TO INDULGE IN SOME MUCH DESERVED HERB X.

3/5/99 MILE 977 12:19 P.M: ENTER LOUISIANA. WE SEE A "DAVID DUKE FOR CONGRESS" SIGN. SCARY.

MILE 1,Q48 1:23 P.M: WE BEGIN CROSSING A 20 MILE LONG BRIDGE OVER LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN. IT IS WICKED. THERE IS WATER AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE. ONCE WE CROSS THE BRIDGE WE WILL ENTER NEW ORLEANS.

Another time, I was on the express register and I had a long ass line. This old guy came through. I don't really remember what he was buying or anything but when he paid me, he gestured for me to lean forward, like he had to tell me a secret or some shit. I did, and he said, "What's the difference between a rooster and an old maid?" he asked.

"I dunno."

"One says 'Cockadoodledoo' and the other says 'Any cock'll do'!" I laughed out of politeness and he left.

A few days later I was taking my break in the little cafe place inside Pick N Save. Gorky was there and we were just talking. The same fucked up old dude came up to us. "Is this your brother?" he asked me. Gorky and I look nothing alike. I told him no, that he was my friend, and then the old bastard told me the same fucking joke again. Since then I have seen him maybe five or six times, and every time he tells me the same stupid ass joke.

The time I got suspended was because I got busted by a "secret shopper" for selling cigarettes to a fifteen year old who also worked at PNS. Ooops.

Since I am a cashier, I work mostly with girls. If my testicles were more inflated, this would probably make me feel weird, but I like it a lot, and can't even imagine working with mostly guys. I sort of tease the girls and joke with them in a flirtatious way. Like last December, about two weeks or so before X-Mas, I was working, and when I didn't have a customer, I turned around to the girl next to me. "Did you hear that all the cashiers are chipping in to buy me a juicer for Christmas?"

"Josh!" she said.

"No, really. All you girls are going to buy me a juicer for Christmas." Of course I didn't actually expect for them to get me one, I was just being a smart ass. So until Christmas, I kept the joke going. "So, have you gotten my juicer yet?" I would ask, "You better get me a good one," shit like that. Entirely in jest. Well then, on fucking Christmas Eve, I was working and went into the room where us cashiers count all our money at the end of the night. Sitting there, on the box that we put the expired coupons in, was a large gift-wrapped box. The tag said, "To Josh, From Amber, Debbie, Missy, Melissa, Erica, Teri, Michelle, and Lillian." At first I thought that the box was empty and was just their joint response to my joke. Like they were getting the last laugh or something. Then I opened it. Sure enough, it was a juicer. I felt bad because I didn't really mean for them to get me one. But I still gladly excepted it, and I plan on having a "juice party" soon for all the girls who chipped in.

This summer I'm going to have to get a "real job" in a factory or something. I wish that I could live off of PNS wages for the rest of my life, though. The girls I work with are all so cool, and really make me feel like a real person--something that doesn't happen at school. There are definitely people who I am not going to miss, but they are vastly out numbered by those who I will. This growing up shit is just too lame.

ONE DREARY, DRIZZLY DAY I LEFT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

MY FRIENDS GORKY, MUELLER, MCSKITTLES, RED, AND GURNI HELPED ME TAKE THE SIX BOXES OF SHIT TO THE AMTRAK STATION. THEY WERE HEAVY AND MASSIVE, SOME REQUIRING THE MIGHT OF THREE MOTHER-FUCKERS TO LIFT. GOODBYES WERE DEPRESSING AND AWKWARD, AS THEY ALWAYS ARE. I WAS LATE AND HAD TO GET ON THE TRAIN RIGHT AWAY, WHICH KEPT THE CEREMONY FROM BECOMING LONG-WINDED AND DRAWN OUT. MY FRIENDS AND I SHARED A FEW LAST WORDS AND I GOT ON THE TRAIN.

THE TRAIN I AM BOARDING IS GOING TO CHICAGO. THERE I WILL GET ON A TRAIN THAT WILL GO TO WASHINGTON D.C. AND THEN I WILL GET ON A TRAIN THAT WILL GO TO ORLANDO, FLORIDA.

SIX DAYS EARLIER, SUNDAY MORNING, I WAS SLEEPING IN MY BED WHEN MY LANDLORD CAME INTO MY BEDROOM AND STARTED YELLING AT ME.

"YOU GUYS ARE OUT OF HERE, MAN!" HE SAID TO ME.

"WHY?" I ASKED, INNOCENTLY. OF COARSE I KNEW THE ANSWER. I HAD NO JOB, HADN'T PAID ANY RENT IN THE LAST TWO MONTHS, AND THERE WERE HUMUNGAZOIDICAL HOLES IN THE WALL THAT WEREN'T THERE A COUPLE DAYS BEFORE.

"YOU GUYS PUT THOSE HOLES IN THE WALLS!" STEVE YELLED.

"THAT WAS YOUR BROTHERS!" I DEFENDED.

"I DON'T CARE, ALL OF YOU GUYS ARE OUT. I WANT YOU OUT BY MONDAY!" THEN HE LEFT.

I QUICKLY WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

I WOKE UP AND WAS AFRAID.

THE LAST WEEK HAD BEEN VERY EXCITING. MY FRIENDS EMMIE AND MEESHA FROM RICHMOND CAME UP FOR A VISIT AND ON FRIDAY WE HAD A KILLER SHOW IN OUR BASEMENT WITH THE GONERS, THE INSIGHTS, AND THE SHRUBBERS. IT TOTALLY FUCKING ROCKED AND ROLL. OR RATHER I SHOULD SAY IT WAS ON A ROLL AND ROLL, BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE GONERS (THE BAND THAT I WAS IN) FINISHED PLAYING MY EX-GIRLFRIEND, RED CAME UP TO ME AND DRAGGED ME AWAY FROM THE PARTY. SHE WAS EAGER TO BITCH AT ME AND MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY FOR SOME SHIT I DID THAT WAS NONE OF HER BUSINESS IN THE FIRST PLACE. THIS TOOK APPROXIMATELY ONE HOUR.

AFTER THAT NONSENSE, I HAD TO TAKE A PISS.

ONCE MY RATHER LONG PEEING SESSION HAD COMMENCED, I WENT AND GOT ANOTHER BEER. I POPPED THE TOP OFF, TOOK A BIG SWILL, AND THEN SAW SAM, THE BITCH I DID THE SHIT WITH THAT RED WANTED TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY FOR.

"I GOTTA TALK TO YOU, JOSHER," SHE SAID ACCUSINGLY.

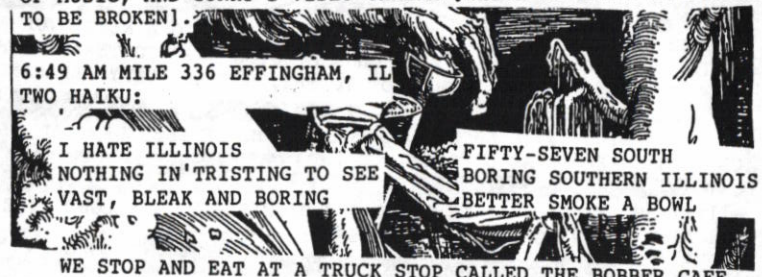
I WAS THEN DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE PARTY FOR ANOTHER HOUR. THAT WAS NOT A PARTICULARLY PLEASANT HOUR.

I HAD CREATED THESE PROBLEMS MYSELF, OF COURSE, AND I WANTED OUT. THAT WAS WHEN I KNEW THAT I NEED JESUS IN MY LIFE. JUST KIDDING. I HATE CHRISTIANS. ANYWAY, YES, I DESERVED ALL THE SHIT I WAS GETTING FROM BOTH PARTIES, BUT IT WAS FRIDAY NIGHT, WE HAD PLAYED A KILLER SHOW, AND I WANTED TO HAVE FUN AND GET TOTALLY WASTEDIFIED.



3-4-99 12:00 AM: TONIGHT GORKY AND I LEAVE. I MET TERI FOR COFFEE AND GOODBYES, SHE GAVE ME HER CLASS RING FOR THE TRIP. IT WAS SWEET OF HER, THOUGH I DOUBT THAT I WILL NEED IT, I'M SURE I WON'T HAVE A PROBLEM REMEMBERING HER.

WE HOPE TO MAKE IT TO MEMPHIS TONIGHT. IT SHOULD BE ABOUT NINE HOURS OR SO, GIVE OR TAKE SHORTCUTS/GETTING LOST TIME. WE ARE BRINGING: FOOD AND SODA, A QUARTER OUNCE OF HERB X, TWO PILLOWS, TWO BLANKETS, BATHING SUITS, A FEW SHIRTS, PLENTY OF MUSIC, AND GORKY'S VIDEO CAMERA [WHICH WE LATER DISCOVERED TO BE BROKEN].



WE STOP AND EAT AT A TRUCK STOP CALLED THE BOBBER CAFE. THE LOCALS LOOK AT US FUNNY FIRST BUT THEN CONTINUE WITH THEIR BREAKFASTS. WE JOKE THAT THESE PEOPLE WORSHIP THE BOBBER. "OH, GREAT BOBBER!" THEY CHANT, AND SING HYMNS TO A MAN-SIZED BOBBER ATOP A CHURCH CHAPEL. OUR WAITRESS FILLS OUR COFFEE CUPS AND FEEDS US BREAKFAST. GORKY TRIES APPLE BUTTER FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE LIKES IT. I KNEW HE WOULD.



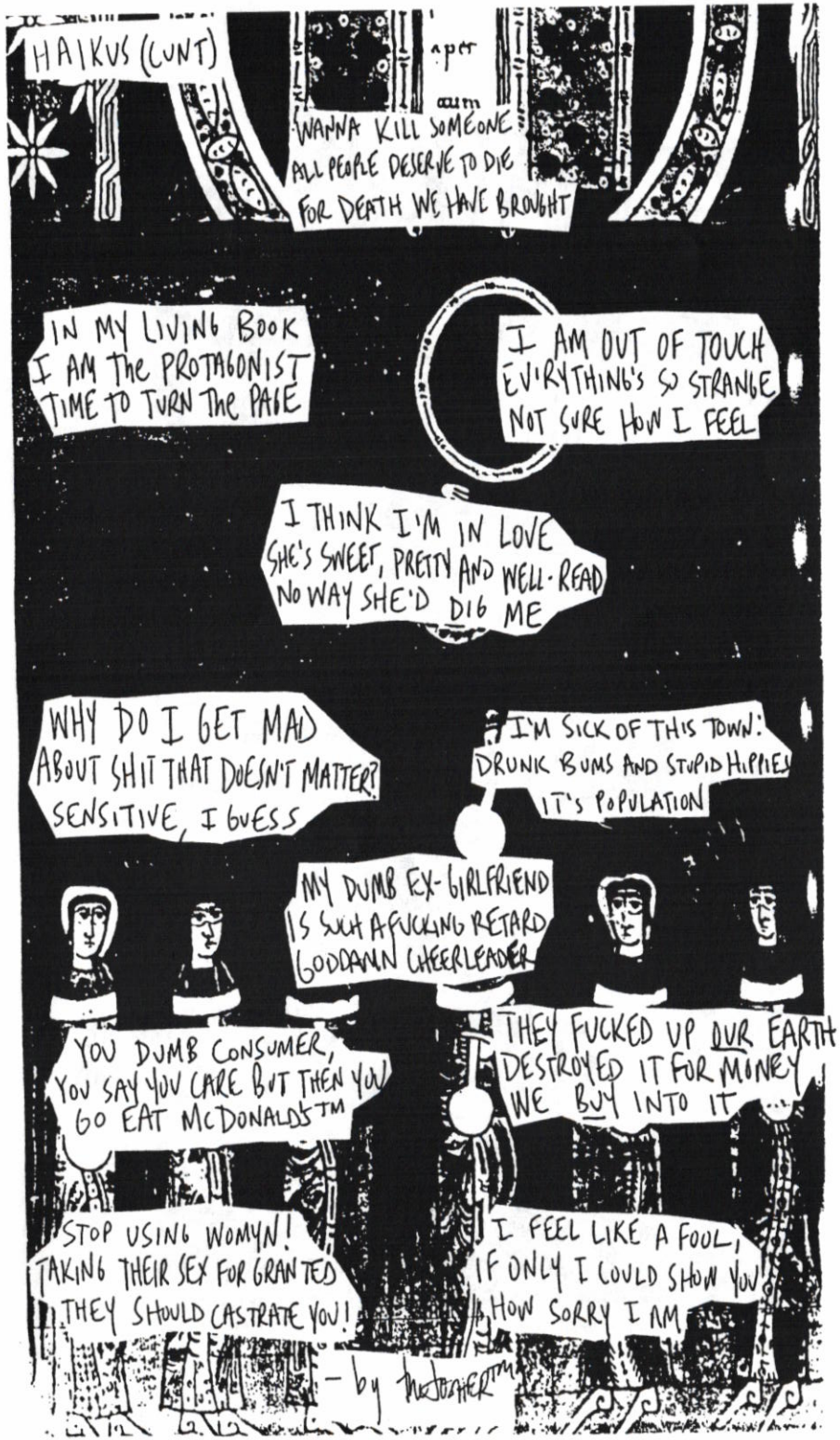
OUR WAITRESS TELLS US THAT WE ARE TO PAY THE GIFT SHOP CASHIER FOR OUR FOOD. I ASK HER IF THEY SELL CIGARETTES. SHE SAYS, "YEAH," IN A SOUTHERN ACCENT, AND ADDS, "SHE MIGHT GIVE YA'LL A HARD TIME. SHE'S KINDA OLD." AFTER THE WAITRESS LEAVES, GORKY JOKES THAT SHE PROBABLY WANTS TO FUCK US BOTH BECAUSE WE ARE THE YOUNGEST PEOPLE THERE. I ADD THAT THE FACT THAT WE ARE THE ONLY ONES NOT HITTING ON HER PROBABLY ALSO ADDED TO HER ATTRACTION FOR US.



SHE COMES BACK TO FILL OUR COFFEE. "I LIKE YA'LL'S HAIR. IT ROCKS." WE SLAM OUR COFFEES AND LEAVE BEFORE SHE CAN COME BACK.



THE OLD LADY IS ACTUALLY RATHER TOLERABLE. I ASK HER FOR MY SMOKES AND SHE IMMEDIATELY RINGS THEM UP. I ASK HER IF SHE NEED TO SEE MY I.D. AND SHE SAYS NO, THAT SHE REMEMBERS ME FROM WHEN I CAME IN LAST WEEK. I TELL HER THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN TO EFFINGHAM IN MY LIFE, AND THAT SHE MUST HAVE ME MIXED UP WITH SOME OTHER PURPLE HAIRED FELLOW. SHE SAYS, "YA BETTUR LET ME HAVE IT THEN," I GIVE IT TO HER. SHE EXAMINES IT. WHEN SHE GIVE IT BACK SHE SAYS, "WE KEEP AN HONEST GAME AROUND HERE," TO WHICH I RESPOND, "YOU GOTTA, OTHERWISE YOU COULD GET IN A LOT OF TROUBLE." I PAY HER AND LEAVE. WE ARE NOW ABOUT 315 MILES FROM MEMPHIS. WE HAVE TRAVELED 336 MILES FROM WAUKESHA. THE ILLINOIS LANDSCAPE IS INCREDIBLY BORING. LOTS OF NOTHING.



UNFORTUNATELY, IT DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER AFTER THAT. MY ROOMMATE GURNI HAD, UNBEKNOWNST TO ME, BEEN DRINKING THROUGHOUT THE SHOW AND WAS DRUNK. GURNI DIDN'T DRINK OFTEN AND THAT WAS BECAUSE IT MADE HIM INTO A CRAZY DILLUSIONAL HOTHEAD. IT HAD ALREADY STARTED. MOST OF THE PARTY HAD ALREADY LEFT, BECAUSE OF GURNI'S SCREAMING HYSTERICS. IT WAS GOING TO BE A VERY LONG NIGHT.

SOON GURNI'S BROTHER AND HIS FRIENDS WERE AT THE PARTY. MY OTHER ROOMMATE AND FELLOW MEMBER OF THE GONERS, GORKY, WENT TO ANOTHER PARTY. I DID NOT GO TO SAID PARTY BECAUSE I KNEW THAT RED AND SAM HAD ALSO GONE, TOGETHER, IRONICALLY. SO EMMIE AND MEESHA (MY TWO FRIENDS FROM VIRGINIA) AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES THERE BESIDES GURNI, HIS BROTHER, AND ALL HIS CRAZY FRIENDS.

THEY WERE LISTENING TO SLAYER AND PANTERA AND KICKING HOLES IN THE WALLS. ALTHOUGH AFTER THAT THE NIGHT GETS VERY BLURRY, I DO REMEMBER CERTAIN BIG PARTS, LIKE GETTING ALL MAD AND COMING OUT OF MY BEDROOM YELLING. THIS DID NOTHING BUT AGGRAVATE THE SITUATION. I GOT YELLED AT IN RETURN, CALLED A SERIES OF NAMES AND HAD MY LIFE THREATENED. I RETREATED BACK TO MY ROOM, CRYING. EMMIE WAS CRYING, TOO, AND MEESHA WAS PASSED OUT. THE WALL BREAKING DID NOT STOP FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO, AND THEN GURNI'S HATE SHIFTED FROM OTHERS TO HIMSELF. WE COULD HEAR EVERYTHING FROM INSIDE MY ROOM. HE WAS TALKING ABOUT SHOOTING HIMSELF IN THE HEAD WITH HIS GUN AND ALL KINDS OF CRAZY ASS SHIT. HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM; HIS BROTHER AND FRIENDS LAUGHED ABOUT IT, EMMIE AND I WERE HUDDLED UP CRYING, AND THEN WE HEARD THE GUN GO OFF. WE BOTH JUMPED.

THAT'S THE CLIMAX.

OF COURSE GURNI HAD NOT SHOT HIMSELF. HE HAD SHOT THE DOOR OF HIS BEDROOM, WHICH COULD'VE KILLED SOMEONE, BUT DIDN'T, AND NOW HE WAS YELLING A BUNCH OF INCOHERENT BULLSHIT.

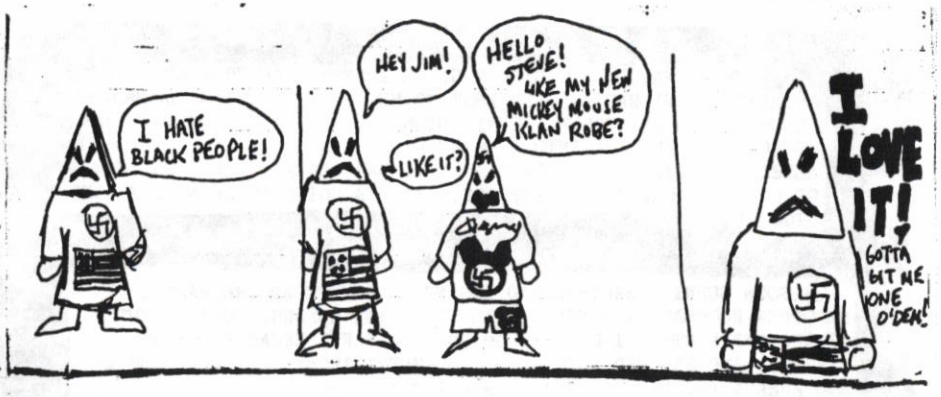
THE NEXT DAY WHEN I WOKE UP THERE WERE HUGE PIECES OF WALLS MISSING. OUR FURNACE, WHICH HAD BEEN IN A BOARDED UP CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM WAS NOW EXPOSED AND NOT WORKING. FEBRUARY IS A REALLY BAD TIME TO NOT HAVE HEAT IN WISCONSIN. IT WAS COLD. GURNI WAS BACK TO HIS REAL SELF, APOLOGETIC AND INCREDIBLY EMBARRASSED. SIX HOURS LATER I [redacted] TOOK EMMIE AND MEESHA TO THE GREYHOUND STATION. THE DAY AFTER THAT I WAS EVICTED AND SIX DAYS AFTER THAT I WAS GETTING ON A TRAIN TO GO TO ORLANDO, FLORIDA, WHERE I WILL STAY WITH MY PARENTS WHILE I GET MY G.E.D. AND WORK UP ENOUGH MONEY TO MOVE TO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I WAS PLANNING ON MOVING TO RICHMOND ANYWAY, AND I SEE THIS EVICTION AS SORT OF A GOOD THING BECAUSE ORLANDO IS A STRANGE TOWN IN WHICH I KNOW NO ONE, WHERE I LIVE WITH MY PARENTS. I WILL BE WITHOUT CERTAIN TEMPTATIONS THAT TEND TO BLOCK MY MOTIVATION.

TOMORROW I WILL RIDE MY BIKE TO THE DRY CLEANERS AND APPLY FOR A JOB. I WILL GET IT, AND I WILL SAVE MONEY TIL I HAVE ENOUGH TO GET TO RICHMOND. THAT'S MY PLAN, MUTHA FUCKA.

PEOPLE FROM EVERYWHERE SHOULD WRITE TO ME BECAUSE I AM BORED AS ALL HELL. PEOPLE FROM RICHMOND, ORLANDO, AND MILWAUKEE ARE ESPECIALLY ENCOURAGED BECAUSE I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH SOME PEOPLE FROM THESE SCENES. MY ADDRESS IS ~~14720~~ Sue Fre~~[illegible] WAY ORLANDO FL 32828. THANKS. THIS IS CHICKENNED~~

NAZIS DESERVE TO BE BLOWN UP.
A COMIC BY The JOSHER™





GET IN TOUCH W/ ME IF YOU CAN GET ME ANY OF THIS SHIT!
INQUISTION-TOUCH the SUN, ANYTHING BY CLOUD 13 ANY BOOKS BY BARRY YOURGRAU, OLD CURE VINYLS BORN AGAINST "NINE PATRIOTIC HYMNS FOR AMERICAN CHILDREN" ON VINYL. ALSO 1ST PRESSING OF THIERS/T 7" SCREWBALLS (FROM GREEN BAY, WI) C.D.

_____ here is an ad: _____



WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME ADS. WILL PROVIDE AD SPACE FOR THING IN AD.

C.Z.A.R.
JOSHER
~~1477[illegible]~~
~~ORLANDO FL 32828~~

THANKS.

HAIKUS

← IMPROPER JAPANESE GRAMMER

I HATE THE T.V.
IF THEY WERE SLIGHTLY CHEAPER
I WOULD BLOW MINE UP

DURING MOST TIMES OF
VULN'RABILITY AND STUFF
I AM LEFT ALONE

The OUTSIDE WORLD SUCKS
I NEED TO FIND A WAY TO
BE ALONE ALWAYS

I HAVE NEVER MET
SO MANY PHONEY PEOPLE
THAN IN The "REAL WORLD"

EVERYONE IS
A GODDAMN LYING BASTARD
I'M BITTER, OKAY?

I USED TO TRY TO
FIGURE OUT WHY I WAS ME
I'LL BLAME MOM And DAD

LOVE IS A DUMB GAME
ONE MUST JUMP THROUGHT FLAMING RINGS
FOR SOME ATTENTION

I LOVE TERI H.
SHE'S A SPARK OF LIGHT IN AN
OTHERWISE DARK WORLD

Witches concocting flying ointment before the sabbat (HANS BALDUNG GR.

a Lifetime
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a bunch of records in Japan, and eventually hooked back up with Jim Steinman to hit it big again in the U.S. with the very cheesy "I'd Do Anything for Love (But I Won't Do That)," which went to number one for eight weeks. Meat and his family lived happily ever after.

My favorite documentaries are the ones about ancient civilizations, ghosts, and supernatural shit (except for UFOs, I don't really get in to those ones that much [I must've burned out on that subject when I was younger.]) A notable mention is the History Of Sex mini-series that was on the History Channel. It basically went over many different civilizations throughout time, and their ways of thinking and practices regarding making bacon. Included were the Egyptians, Mesapotanians, Greeks, Romans, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Spanish, English (from the middle ages all the way through the Victorian era to the present), and finally the U.S. I saw another good documentary (I forget what it was called) which showed a guy in Africa with over 80 wives and over 100 children who all work for him. Some old, some young, they work in his field, cook the food, and make the clothes, among other things. Meanwhile he sits in a chair, while a wife and a kid fan him. When it's time to eat, the food is put in bowls which are lined up in a huge long row. The children crawl up on their hands and knees, and eat out of them like dogs or cats or horses or goats or pigs or people in an underdeveloped country. The kids also go to school, where most of the teachers are their older brothers and sisters. There is always enough to eat and they get an education, so their life is a stable one (compared to most in Africa), even if it lacks in family closeness.

Last, but most certainly not least, I very much enjoy Tales From the Crypt, it kicks a lot of ass, as I'm sure most of you (already know. A show you may not have seen, however, is Joe Bob's MonsterVision. It rocks. They play horror flicks (some good, some not so good), and the host, Joe Bob, sits on a lawn chair in front of a set decorated like a trailer park at night. Between the movie and the commercials, he drinks beer and talks about the movie, as well as related occult and supernatural phenomenoms (Which he knows a shitload about. Last week, the movie was Voodoo with Corey Feldman. Joe Bob told us lots of neat shit about voodoo, which I know (through my own trivial knowledge) to be accurate. Well, maybe the producers give him all the information, but whatever, it's a cool show. I also watch The Twilight Zone as much as possible.

Well, that's all for my T.V. consumption of late. Like I said, since I got a job I haven't been watching as much, so that's good. Got a TV recommendation? Send it to me. Later.



After a bunch of months, Kate suggested that my Dad and stepmom start coming to the therapy sessions so we could "work on my home life." That's when it all got crazy. I had been getting along with my parents fine before the therapy anyway.

Well, to keep an already too long story from getting too much longer, Kate gave up and told my Dad and stepmom to just make me leave Richmond to go live with my Mom and stepdad in Waukesha, Wisconsin. Although (by pure coincidence) this turned out to be a very good decision, my stepdad was at the root of my problems to begin with (as Kate and my family both knew very well), and I felt totally cheated and betrayed by all parties involved.

Once in Waukesha, I went to a series of shrinks also (including Marlene, the Shrinky-Dink Roller), but I will tell you about them in some other fucking issue (don't worry, it'll probably be in like #30 or something!)

Marlene, the Shrinky-Dink Roller by the Goners

LYRICS BY GORKY AND the JOSHER

Marlene's not our woman but
we pay to see her every week
In fact we spill our hearts out to her
and don't even get a kiss on the cheek

But she got our names and numbers
in a big expensive notebook
in a special designated place for us

She calls us when we don't show up
and makes us feel guilty
and makes sure that she sees us both again
A.S.A.P.

Marlene's not our lady but
she sure shows us what dreams are made of
We wouldn't go for her, dude it's not like that
She's forty-five, a total generation gap

But she's been there, yeah, she still recovering from a recent cocaine addiction and alcoholism
Used to strip at bars as a teenager
Now The Josher™ has dreams about banging her

She's not really an is roller
but she'll never be a high roller
a shrinky dinky dinky dink roller
a shrinky-dink dink roller

She calls us when we don't show up
and makes us feel guilty
and makes sure that she sees us both again
A.S.A.P.
A S A S A S A P

I WATCH T.V.

Lately, due in part to the fact that the only people I know are my family and co-workers, I find myself watching a disturbing amount of television. Psychologists say that the more time you spend day dreaming, the more creative energy you will have, and from personal experience, I find it to be true. Since I got the job at the dry cleaner, I been more patient for writing shit than before. This is, I guess cuz I've been watching less TV. But, at any rate, I still have been succumbing to the evils of the Cathode Ray too much, and I have been admittedly stagnant on the creative end of things. My parents have cable, which is new and appealing.

I mostly watch documentaries, horror movies, and of course The Simpsons. The Simpsons is the best show in the history of television. Homer is my favorite character, and I think Ralph Wiggum is probably my second favorite. Have you ever seen the episode that was a parody of Lord of the Flies? There's a part where Lisa and Ralph go out to look for food on the island. Upon returning, Bart asks Lisa what they found.

"All I found were these berries, but they're extremely poisonous."

"I ated the purple berries," says Ralph, his face smeared with poison berry juice. He immediately falls on the ground, holding his stomach and moaning in pain.

"How are they, Ralph?" asks Bart?

"They taste like burning!" Ralph whines in response.

That's probably my favorite Ralph scene. Another good one is: Ralph is siting in front of a computer in the lab at school, playing a spelling game. Principal Skinner and Super Intendant Chalmers

"Hi, Principal Skinner! Hi, Super Nintendo Chalmers! I'm learnding!" I don't know, it's really funny, you'd just have to see it, I guess.

I also really like VH1's Behind The Music series. Some noteworthy subjects were Dr Dre, Poison, Motley Crue, Vanilla Ice, Tina Turner, Tom Petty, Stevie Nicks, Def Leppard, and lots more. One of my favorite ones was the one about Meatloaf, oddly enough. When Meatloaf first arrived on the scene, nobody really took him seriously or anything, but then Bat Out of Hell came out and just took off. It held the number one spot for a long ass time and sold like a kerbillion copies or something. He became a drug addict, got married, went sober, and wrote songs with his guitarist, Jim Steinman. So they went into the studio to record the follow up album, and Meat found that he couldn't sing anymore. He tried all kinds of treatment: vocal trainers, hypnotherapy, psychologists, etc, but he couldn't get it back, and he eventually gave up. Jim Steinman released the album himself and it flopped. Meat was 84 million dollars in debt so he filed bankruptcy. He and his wife and two daughters were broke as fuck, yet two years earlier he was an absolute mega-star. Later he got his voice back, released